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HEREFORD FESTIVAL SERMON.

We are indebted to *The Hereford Times* for the following report of the sermon preached by the Bishop, who selected as his text the words, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God"—1st Corinthians x. 31. He observed that, no doubt, there was room for difference of opinion as to the exact application of the argument in which the words found a place, but he thought there could be no doubt as to the bearing of the general truth which they enunciated. First of all he tried the primary application of the text; and, secondly, pointed out what lessons were contained in it, as suggested by the unusual appearance of the cathedral. No act of life in itself, his lordship remarked, was either religious or secular. The quality of each act depended on the spirit which guided it, and the motive from which it sprang. The commonest things might be done in a high Christian spirit; the greatest deed might spring from a low and selfish motive. A religious act done in a secular spirit was secular, and a secular act done in a religious spirit was religious. This was the great first principle of Christian life. "Do all to the glory of God." This was to be the object at which they aimed in all their doings. How reasonable such a thing seemed, but how difficult to carry out effectually and thoroughly in their lives. He did not think it would have occurred to him to introduce what he now put before them were it not that they were met together under peculiar circumstances that night, and he was speaking to no ordinary congregation. Could it be necessary that he should guard the words of his text even from a possible perversion of their meaning? He should hardly think that, and yet one saw such strange forms of argument constantly re-appearing that he would just remind them that the text was one of those which in former times was strained beyond its due proportion, and brought forward by the Puritans of old in support of their position that Scripture was the only rule of all things which in this life might be done by man, the only legitimate inference being that by the Scriptures we must of necessity be directed in every light and common thing that was incident unto any part of man's life. A grievous snare, surely, for sensitive minds and such as were but imperfectly instructed in the truth! What an intolerable bondage to the letter, what an insufferable cramping of their energies, what a miserable clipping of their wings, preventing them from ever soaring one instant or rising one step from the ground, would follow from such a slavish adherence to the Word! What a thorough being killed by the letter, neglecting the life which flowed from the spirit! Let them leave the consideration, then, of such a topic and come to a more wholesome view. This was to be their end in everything that they did, "Do all to the glory of God." Such a command seemed good in every respect—agreeable to their natural apprehensions—but how difficult to carry out effectively and thoroughly in their lives! Certain actions of their lives—their religious services and the more solemn transactions in which they were engaged—they were willing to do in Christ's name, but the multitude of common actions by which more than 69 out of their "threescore years and ten" were filled they took away from their Lord's dominion under the false and mistaken notion that they were too trifling and too familiar to be mixed up with the thoughts of things so solemn. This was one fault, and by far the most common, of men; they made Christ's service the business of a very small portion of their lives; they hallowed only a small part of their words and actions by doing them in His name; they did not take their religion into common life; they did not leave everything which they said or did by the all pervading influence of a Christian spirit. On the other hand, there had been, though more rarely, a fault of the opposite sort; men had said they were in all their actions of ordinary life doing Christ's will, that they endeavoured always to be promoting some good object, and that, therefore, the peculiar services of religion, as they were called, were useless, inasmuch as in spirit they were worshipping God always. This was, as had been well said again, a great error, because, as a matter of fact, it was false. He brought forward the two thoughts upon which he had touched because he did believe that one or other of them was at the bottom of all the difficulty which they experienced in carrying out to the full the commandment on which he wished to enlarge. With respect to the feeling that the external aids of public devotion were unnecessary, because they were in point of fact always worshipping God in spirit, he had a word to say, because they were so pointedly reminded at that time of music as an aid to devotion, and he trusted that he was not wrong in believing that he carried his listeners along with him when he said that in whatever degree they made the public worship of God more heartfelt, more attractive, to ordinary minds, in that degree they were fulfilling the text in one sense, and were promoting the glory of God. There were those who looked with alarm at any step that was taken to make the services more attractive, feeling that people would be attracted only to hear

the music, and not to worship God. He did not sympathise with that feeling. His earnest desire was to give God of his best, and if he had endowed him with the talent of music he should consider himself as much bound to devote that to His service as any other talent which he might possess, and he was glad to feel that this reflection was becoming a general one. He was old enough to recollect the day when persons who could sing well and skilfully in their own houses were ashamed to be heard singing in church, as if the best member they had, that glory of the tongue, was to be mute only when the praises of Him who gave it were being sung; but he was happy to find that that feeling was gradually wearing away, and that it was no disgrace to any amateur now to find him taking his place in the regular service of the church and associating himself with the choir. If he were speaking to any such that evening, as might well be the case in a mixed congregation such as the present, he would very heartily wish them "God speed." Their presence was of unspeakable advantage to the choir; they gave it a tone and kept it up to a pitch which otherwise it would be very difficult to maintain; they were the salt of it, as it were, and preserved it from carelessness and irreverence. Might he make words spoken at the Llangollen Festival of the river Dee his own, and might he remind them of the immense strides which the cultivation of music had made amongst us of late years? It was now performed, studied, and listened to by a larger number of persons and in a more serious spirit than was the case at any previous period of our history. It was rapidly becoming an essential branch of education. The newest works of continental musicians were greatly welcomed here very soon after their appearance abroad, and a strong desire was felt by a large, important, and increasing section of the public to know something of the structure and peculiarities of the music which they heard and played. If it were ever true that English people could not understand and appreciate music, which there was good reason to doubt, there could be no doubt that the reproach had been wiped out in this day, and he was well persuaded that the people of Great Britain and Ireland were behind none of the Continental nations in the capacity to enjoy music, even in its most intricate combinations. Should not they have an instance of this in the week to which that Sunday introduced them? Sir Theodore Martin, in the address to which he had been referring, reminded them, and would have it never forgotten, that it was in Great Britain and Ireland that the genius of Handel was recognized and developed, till from his giant pen flowed those majestic strains which, as we listen to them, realizes the dream of our blind poet's *Penseroso*, dissolve us into ecstasies, and bring all heaven before our eyes. It was our native voices, too, on which Handel learned with confidence to send home his music to men's hearts. It was an Englishwoman, Mrs Susannah Cibber, to whom he entrusted the privilege of rendering certain airs in *The Messiah*, in the confident assurance that the audience listening to her would hear something truly akin to what was present to himself in the crown of inspiration, when he wedded to worthy music the words which had vibrated in his own heart—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," and again, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd." Need they scruple about believing that in attending or encouraging such a Festival as theirs they might be promoting the glory of God? No, he thought not; but he impressed on all concerned the duty of endeavouring, as far as in them lay, to keep this object always in view, "Do all to the glory of God." Different minds, of course, would be differently constituted, and it was impossible to lay down any general minute rules which would be applicable to all, but they, he hoped, would bear with him if, on such an occasion as that, he impressed upon them individually the importance of realizing in this and other matters the true aim and end of the service which they were offering. Of all the things which they had to beware was, irreverence and undue familiarity with holy things. It was quite surprising, for instance, how one found oneself repeating the Psalms without thinking of their meaning, and the case was more perhaps in singing. If they were thoroughly impressed in their hearts with the conviction that whatever they did they did it to the glory of God, then there was good hope that they might be preserved from the irreverence of laying hold of holy things. There was no more purer pleasure in this world, no more ennobling occupation, than that of praising God with their best. Might they be enabled to realize this during the forthcoming festival, and whenever they met to set forth His most worthy praise! He had been putting some facts before them connected with the Festival, but he had not said one word about its object, which he was afraid was too much forgotten, or allowed at any rate to lie in the background. The Festival was held year after year for a distinct and clearly-defined object—to benefit the widows and orphans of clergymen in the three dioceses of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, and the expenses connected with it were necessarily very large. On the last occasion of the Festival being held at Hereford the payments were £3,669, and on the

previous occasion, in 1879, they were £3,597, leaving in one case a deficiency of £804, and in the other of £667. From the sale of tickets not a single farthing went to the support of the charity. The monies collected on its behalf were placed to a separate account, and were in no way identified with the Festival management expenses. People forgot this; they thought that by purchasing a ticket for the Festival they were directly benefitting the charity, but unless they also contributed something at the doors as they left the cathedral they in no way assisted in the relief of the widows and orphans for whose sake the charity was instituted and continued. He thought it would surprise some people when he told them, from a printed statement accessible to all, that at the last Festival in Hereford the amount received for the charity was only £867, and on the previous occasion £971; that was to say, and he could not put the disproportion too plainly, that in the one year it cost £3,669 to realize £867, and in the other £3,597 to realize £971. He was certain that the result would be very different if people really understood the state of the case, and, therefore, he appealed pointedly to those who heard him now to recollect this, and to impress the fact upon their friends who might be intending to enjoy the rich treat which the Festival would supply, that the way to assist the charity was by a liberal contribution at the doors. Their serving as stewards or the purchasing of tickets would tend materially to the success of the Festival, but not in the slightest degree to the relief of the needy. He pleaded for the generous and the increased support of the agency which sought to benefit the widows and orphans of the clergy in the three dioceses, as knowing by sad experience the difficulties with which many of them had to contend. It was his duty from time to time to preside at the meetings which were held year by year for distributing the proceeds of the Festival amongst those who sought the relief. It was a heartrending work going through the details of these applications, and he did not on that occasion intend to rend their hearts by dwelling on it. There was no question in his mind, and he thought there would be no question in theirs, that a person who sought to enjoy himself at these Festivals, without at the same time considering the fatherless and the widow, could hardly be justified in thinking that he was acting in the spirit of the verse, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

"Welcome home the Guards from the Soudan"—the motto brought into service on Friday night, September 18, by the enterprising manager of the above entertainments at Covent Garden Theatre, was by no means inappropriate, inasmuch as the musical and other arrangements were in most respects suitable for an occasion which had for its avowed object the honouring of our brave soldiers. Contrary to expectation, the generous invitation of the director did not meet with the response it deserved, for comparatively few soldiers attended; still the vivid hues of the Guardsmen's uniform were in sufficient evidence to give unusual brilliancy to the scene. Though forming a small array when put in comparison with the vast multitude, some eight thousand persons, that came to assist in offering them a greeting, the red-coats managed, for all that, to make a brave display upon the platform. If in a small minority amongst the general company, they mustered in such force upon the orchestra as to well-nigh outnumber the ordinary players, led by Mr Carrodus. For high above the latter instrumentalists towered the Coldstream Guards band, the Grenadier Guards drummers and fifers (Soudan brigade), the Coldstream Guards drummers and fifers (Soudan brigade), the Scots' Guards drummers and fifers (Soudan brigade), and the pipers of the Scots' Guards (Soudan brigade), with the cavalry band of the Middlesex Yeomanry—a body of military bandsman numbering nearly 200, in addition to the instrumentalists usually under Mr Gwyllym Crowe's command. Previous to the entrance of the latter gentleman upon the platform, the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr Charles Thomas, performed a selection of music. When Mr Crowe led off the National Anthem it was pleasant to witness the readiness with which every head was in loyalty uncovered. The solo therein was sung by Miss Amy Sherwin with an enthusiasm that carried her voice far away up from the pitch in use by the orchestra. Subsequently the fair songstress essayed "Lo, here the gentle lark" (Bishop), and, profiting by the valuable aid of Mr Barrett, who played the flute *obbligato*, she was enabled to keep nearer to correct intonation. Mme Antoinette Sterling achieved her customary success in the Scotch ditty, "Here's to the year that's awa'," and Mr Harper Kearton rendered in very agreeable style the old favourite ballad, "The Anchor's Weighed" (Braham). A new song, "The Soldier's Good-bye," composed expressly for this occasion by Stephen Adams, and sung by Mr Maybrick, was highly successful. The composer of

"Nancy Lee" has produced a theme likely to rival in popularity that stirring ditty, for in both mainly accents are found in alternation with phrases of tenderness. As yet there is no sign of diminution in the favour which has heretofore been accorded the vocal waltz, "Fairie Voices" (A. G. Crowe). Perhaps the most rapturous applause during the evening was elicited by the remarkably fine playing of Mr Carrodus in Paganini's violin solo, "Carnival of Venice;" nor were the efforts of Mr Howard Reynolds in the cornet solos allowed to pass without due acknowledgment. Julien's "British Army Quadrilles," as a matter of course included in the programme, were performed by the united bands with unwonted vigour. Mr Cliffe ably accompanied the vocal music.—L. T.

At the concert on Saturday night, the programme contained Weber's overture to *Der Freyschütz*, excerpts from Meyerbeer's ballet music in *Le Prophète*, and a selection from Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, all admirably rendered by the band under the direction of Mr Crowe. Mr J. T. Carrodus played De Bériot's famous violin solo, "Il Tremolo," in perfection, and, in response to a unanimous encore, gave some variations on "Le Carneval de Venise." The singers were Mme Enriquez, Mme Edith Wynne, and Mr Joseph Maas, who all acquitted themselves admirably, and were rewarded with their accustomed applause and recalls. Mr Cliffe was the accompanist.

MUSIC IN MUNICH.

September 20.

The important works during the past week have been Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, given on Thursday, and Byron-Schumann's *Manfred*, performed last night. Of the former subject, like all the Munich interpretations of Wagner, it was heard in perfection, and, unlike the "Viennese version," without a bar cut out. Herr and Frau Vogl played the title characters, *Tristan* being dramatically impersonated by Vogl in a manner that has never been equalled, much less surpassed. The last act, in which the hero, with frenzied cries, pictures to his faithful servitor, Kurwenal, the approach of *Isolde*, and, dragging himself to the Castle gate, when the return of the shepherd's mournful theme tells him it is but a vision, was illustrated by the artist with so much genuine pathos and true conception as to proclaim him master of the character above all others; for the relative vocal ability of Herr Vogl combines what is generally, with most essayists of this difficult rôle, absent, and which in Wagner play into each others parts. *Tristan's* death was never rendered more impressively than on the present occasion. The manner in which Vogl portrayed the fast approaching end of the knight, the heart's canker overpowering the wound inflicted by Melot, and the supreme efforts of the sufferer to gather his last breath and strength to welcome the healer of both his wounds, were rendered with profoundest feeling; but when the shepherd's reed joyously pipes the motive telling of *Isolde's* approach, and her voice is heard anxiously calling to *Tristan*, the sinking soul, in one rhapsody of freedom from bodily suffering, wrenches off his bandage, madly crying to *Isolde*, who has now rushed to him, the feelings of the audience were with difficulty controlled and applause suppressed. Mme Vogl equally, from a dramatic point of view, supported the masterly reading of her partner, although her vocal efforts frequently told the artist's fatigue. Characters like Brünnhilde and *Isolde* cannot follow each other closely without leaving evidences of exhaustion—mentally and physically. The orchestra almost surpassed previous excellence; the prelude to the last act, one of the most divine inspirations that ever crossed the composer's mind, was heard in all its sublime beauty, every note receiving from loving hands the care and regard that must arise in musical hearts from such an overwhelming and soul-stirring subject. The remaining characters were performed by Eugen Gura, who played King Marke with more importance than the Cornish monarch generally receives from his interpreters, who make him a kind of human apology; Fuchs, as Kurwenal, Heinrich, in the rôle of Melot, and Schloesser, as the Shepherd, with Frau Basta as Brangane, filled up a cast which could not have been excelled. Amongst the artists who witnessed *Tristan and Isolde* were Joseph Joachim, Hans von Bülow, Wolzogen, Lamoureux, Carvalho, and Mme Schumann.

Manfred, over whom Byron and Schumann have lavished perhaps the quintessence of their genius, was performed last evening by one of Germany's finest tragedians, Herr Possart. The incidental music which Schumann has fitted to the poem, like a musical punctuation and an echo to Byron's mighty soliloquy, was, like everything this orchestra interprets, a revelation from beginning to end.—DODINAS.

La Mascotte was recently performed for the 900th time at the Menus-Plaisirs, Paris.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 96.

1830.

(Concluded from page 598.)

On the restoration to health of his Majesty George the Third, the concerts at Carlton House became more frequent than ever. At this time the head-dresses of the gentlemen were worn remarkably high and full, with large curls, which appeared as light as feathers. The Prince, who was at all times *unique* in his dress, observing the hair of one of his friends to be uncommonly well disposed, inquired of him the name of the *friseur*, and on being informed that his name was Mills, desired he would send him to Carlton House. This being done, and his Royal Highness being greatly pleased with the hair-dresser's style of arranging his *tête*, he retained him in his service, and made him one of the pages of the backstairs. Mills now considered himself a man of great importance; he visited the theatres, became acquainted with the actors, and associated with them at the coffee-houses about Covent Garden. One night Mills, being with some of the sons of Thespis at Fox's in Bow Street, and the then fashionable nostrum, *Gowland's Lotion*, being the subject of conversation, Mills, who was more famous for the outside than the inside of his head, declared that there was nothing in the world superior to that same *Gowland's Lotion*! This man derived a good income from the situation he held, added to which his wife, who was *young and beautiful*, was appointed laundress to his Royal Highness.

On the evening of the 8th of April, 1795, the Princess Caroline of Brunswick (daughter of the Duchess of Brunswick, sister of George the Third) was united in marriage to the Prince of Wales in the Chapel Royal at St James's. The ceremony on that occasion was splendid in the extreme, and the processions which ushered the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess into the chapel were grand and imposing. The late jolly Duke of Norfolk, though one of the leaders of the opposition, attended on that day by virtue of his hereditary office of Earl Marshal. The service was performed by Dr Moore, then Archbishop of Canterbury. When it had arrived at that part where it is asked, "Who gives the bride in marriage?" his Majesty quickly arose from the chair on which he had been seated, by the Queen near the altar, and taking the Princess by the hand, presented her with apparent satisfaction. That part of the ceremony ended, an anthem, selected for the occasion, was sung by the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, accompanied by the usual instrumental band of the Prince of Wales, of which I was one, stationed in the gallery of the chapel. The Prince throughout the evening was so grave that not even the music when it commenced could excite his notice, till Mr Hudson (commonly called Bobby Hudson), one of the gentlemen of the choir of the Chapel Royal, in the opening of his solo verse, suddenly blared out his stentorian voice to that degree as to make his Royal Highness look up with surprise at the person who had excited a smile throughout the Chapel Royal. During the same year, 1795, when the debts of the Prince of Wales were in course of liquidation, by commissioners appointed by Act of Parliament for that purpose, I was desired by the Prince's musical page, Mr Cole, to send to him my account for seven years' services, which I did, to enable him to forward it to the commissioners. Having ever felt the most profound respect for my royal master, I subsequently determined not to claim the amount due to me, considering it, under existing circumstances, a delicate mode of acting, and that I should not, knowing the liberality of the Prince's disposition, be ultimately thereby a loser. That my claim was duly delivered to the commissioners admits not of a doubt, because my elder brother, Mr J. Parke, who received the amount of his (five hundred pounds, subject to the general deduction of ten per cent), informed me, that on being asked by the commissioners if there were not two claimants of his name, replied in the affirmative. As the Prince of Wales, however, probably never heard of the dutiful mark of respect I had offered to him, I subsequently received from him no mark of his royal favour. Notwithstanding this I felt no diminution of that warm attachment which I had entertained towards his royal person; and can with truth aver that when informed of his demise I shed tears, the sincerity of which could not be exceeded by any of my contemporaries. His Royal Highness, soon after his marriage, abandoned music, and having established a private band, principally Germans, composed of the wind instrument players of his regiment, the 10th Hussars, they solely attended to perform at Brighton and at Carlton House. Mr Crosdill, the original musical instructor of the Prince of Wales, informed me that in the year 1813, during the Regency which had been formed, he had the honour of dining with his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and that during the evening he heard his band play several pieces of music with great effect. Mr Kramer, who was at that time the leader of the band, was subsequently elected a member of the Philharmonic concert, and his name being in sound similar to

that of Mr Cramer, the leader of that concert, the former was there distinguished by the appellation of Mr Cramer with a K.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, after he had succeeded to the throne of England, had occasionally music parties on a splendid scale, and being much pleased with the compositions of Rossini, gave a grand concert at St James's Palace, at which the popular Italian composer was appointed to preside. During that evening the King, in his elegant and affable manner, paid particular attentions to Rossini, who, insensible to the distinguished honour thus conferred on him by the King of a great and free people, on his Majesty observing, in the latter part of the concert, "Now, Rossini, we will have one piece more, and that shall be the *finale*," most arrogantly replied, "I think, Sir, we have had music enough for one night," and made his bow!

In the early part of his life, George the Fourth was the delight of the gay, and the admiration of the grave parts of society. He was a model for elegance of manners and dignified condescension, and was not only an accomplished musician, but the most graceful dancer perhaps in Europe. The fashions he set were universally adopted, and through his example the stiff formality of bag and sword in evening parties, except at court, was superseded by the easy and natural costume of frock-coat, &c. Whilst he, then Prince of Wales, was all animation, his younger brother, the Duke of York, was of such sedate and sober habits, that he had in a high quarter obtained the appellation of "The hopes of the family." The Prince of Wales, who evinced the utmost affection for his royal brother, invited him on a particular occasion to a dinner party. After the banquet was ended, the bottle, "the sun of the family," revolving on its axis with uncommon celerity, the effect it had on the royal Duke, who at that time was only a convivial suckling, was such that, not being longer able to preserve an equilibrium, he fell from his chair upon the carpet, on which the Prince, running to his assistance in "merry mood," exclaimed, "There lies the hopes of the family!"

In consequence of the late destruction of the English Opera House by fire, the company under the direction of the proprietor, Mr Arnold, opened (till the projected new theatre should be erected) at the Adelphi Theatre for the season, and on Friday, July 16th, produced for the first time a new musical drama, entitled, *The Skeleton Lover*. Mrs Keely sang a pretty ballad with such effect as to produce a general encore, and Mr Hunt, who was some years ago one of the vocal corps of Covent Garden Theatre, in the music allotted to him displayed taste and precision. The music of the piece, which was composed by Mr Rodwell, is characteristic and pleasing, and the accompaniments to the airs, &c., particularly the wind instruments, are very effective. This gentleman, during his theoretical studies, judiciously placed himself for a time under professors of the different wind instruments (of which I was one), whereby he acquired a just and extensive knowledge of their capabilities. Mr Rodwell, therefore, can never be placed in the awkward predicament of Mr Butler, who composed the music to the opera called *The Widow of Delphi*, produced at Covent Garden Theatre in the year 1780. The latter gentleman, who had not studied any instrument but the pianoforte, having in the part for the kettle-drums (which it is well known give only two different sounds) written all the notes in the octave, on being informed that several could not be played, politely thanked the performer who beat them, and requested he would furnish him with a scale of the kettle-drums!

The King's Theatre closed on Saturday, the 7th of August, with the first act of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and the first act of *Il Turco in Italia*. Signor Donzelli, Mdme Lalande, and Mdme Blasis, were much and deservedly applauded. Curioni's efforts were not so successful as on former occasions. It is to be feared that his vocal powers are declining. In the former performance, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, the stentorian powers displayed by Signor Lablache electrified the audience: his performance, however, throughout the opera was admirable. The manager, although he has during the season afforded great variety, has experienced some drawbacks: the death of his late Majesty, the frequent indisposition of his prima-donna, and the large sums exacted by his singers, one of whom, Signor Lablache, was engaged to receive eighty thousand francs (upwards of three thousand pounds sterling) for the season. At the end of the performances the audience applauded the singers with that degree of vehemence which, in the language of Coriolanus, seemed to say, "Thank ye for your voices; thank ye for your sweet voices!"

As much has been said of the enormous terms which have been of late demanded for their exertions by the Italian opera singers, I trust I shall make it appear that this system of extortion is of more ancient date than it may be generally thought, and that ever since the first regular establishment of Italian opera in England, in the year 1708, "it has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

Nicolini, the great singer of that time, received eight hundred guineas for the season. Senesino, who came after him, had fifteen hundred; and Farinelli (the great favourite of the ladies), who succeeded the latter, retired to his own country, Italy, with a large fortune, where he built a temple on his domain, and dedicated it to English folly! The terms exacted by the opera singers continued to increase till the year 1738, when the distinguished persons who conducted the Italian operas having, from that and other causes, experienced for several seasons great losses, shut up the theatre. As regards the more modern Italian opera singers, I can with truth aver that they have, during the last six-and-forty years, been progressively adding to their demands, greatly to the detriment of the proprietors of the King's Theatre, some of whom have ended their operatic career by incarceration or bankruptcy. Pacchierotti retired to Italy in 1784 with twenty thousand pounds. Marchesi, after singing here three seasons, departed with ten thousand. Mdme Mara, Mdme Banti, and Mrs Billington (who, though born in England, had, during her long sojourn in Italy, imbibed some Italian habits), subsequently exceeded each other; and Mdme Catalani, who came here in 1806, taking advantage of the impression she had made on the public, increased her terms almost every season, until, for that of 1814, she demanded three thousand pounds salary and two benefits. These terms, which were refused to Catalani in 1814, were not, however, a great deal more than half those given to Mdme Pasta in 1828, viz., four thousand five hundred pounds salary, and a benefit, insured at one thousand. That an opera proprietor, by exerting a proper spirit, might successfully resist such extravagant demands, the following fact will sufficiently show: The committee for conducting the concerts at Norwich, in the year 1827, offered to Mdme Pasta four hundred pounds to sing at three evening performances in that city; but that lady refusing to sing for less than five hundred, they proposed terms to Mdme Caradori Allan, which reaching the ears of Mdme Pasta, she immediately, though too late, offered to sing for three hundred. It may, however, happen that an opera manager is compelled by the precepts of his subscribers to buy vocal talent at so high a rate. But he should (like the quack doctor, who, to keep his chariot, dined thrice a week on cow-heel) retrench in other respects, taking care at the same time that, by avoiding Scylla, he does not fall into Charybdis, and thereby render his performances less unique, consequently unacceptable to the public. This foreign system, which it is to be hoped has reached its acme, will probably work its own cure, and then these upstarts will, similarly to the man in the fable, regret that by ripping up the goose they have lost the golden eggs for ever.

[With this number these interesting "Memoirs" are brought to a close. In our next issue will appear the first instalment of "Anecdotes of Music in the Eighteenth Century."—Ed.]

A MUSICAL SUGGESTION.

We have sometimes wondered why no enterprising manager has ever undertaken to illustrate, with bands of trained performers, and in a series of adequately equipped concerts, the historical development of music. It is the only art for which nothing historically seems to have been done. And it is the art of all arts in which the poor outside public are the most dependent upon the agency of others. In painting and sculpture, we have but to enter a museum or picture gallery, and if we do not always find the works grouped in chronological order the student has the means within his reach of putting together the characteristics of any age or succession of ages for himself. Nothing of the kind is possible in music. The uninitiated public can extract no meaning out of histories of music, even where they are accompanied with printed illustrations of the styles of the old masters. For all, except, perhaps, half a dozen antiquarian musicians throughout the country, if even so many, the only means of knowing what changes music has undergone during, say, "the eighteen Christian centuries" is the ear, and frequenters of concerts of all kinds know how narrow are the limits of time from within which programmes are drawn. It would almost appear as if all that musicians have done in the way of composition for a period of fifteen or sixteen hundred years is hopelessly lost to the world. It is not only lost to the *profanum vulgus*, who cannot play the simplest melody upon a halfpenny whistle, but to the most skilled and practised instrumentalists, whose nimble and well-trained fingers can perform the most astounding feats, and even to the most accomplished masters of the modern laws of harmony.

Now, why should the whole musical labours of Europe for fifteen or sixteen centuries be an absolutely sealed book to the lovers of music? The difficulty would not lie, we believe, on the side of the public, whose interest and sympathy could not fail to be deeply enlisted in any effort to pass in review the long panorama of musical

modes, fashions, and efforts through which the divine art has made its way to its present perfection. Any perfunctory plan, anything short of a scientific arrangement, would end in disappointment and failure. On the other hand, a complete representation of the predominant characteristics of each great age of musical progress and taste would require conditions of musical culture and a knowledge of musical history which it would be extremely difficult to fulfil and obtain. It would not be enough to produce the finished results of, say, a whole century of tentative efforts. Perhaps the interest would lie more in the first tentative strugglings and gropings after the great musical laws and practices of modern times. A competent director would have no difficulty in selecting the great turning points, and the great periods of musical thought; and a few musical enthusiasts and patient united effort would do all the rest.

Any one who understands through what stages of development music has passed since it took its place in the early Christian Church will see at a glance how such a series of historical concerts should be arranged. The first age is represented by the Church music introduced by St Ambrose from the Eastern Church into the Western in the fourth century. This was the predominating Church music in Western Europe for 230 years, and specimens of it are still extant—the Ambrosian chant itself may be occasionally heard, we believe, in the Cathedral of Milan. Perhaps some of our readers may also have heard in Lutheran churches in Germany, without being aware that they were listening to a piece of music 1400 years old, one of Ambrose's surviving melodies, which is still sung to a hymn translated by Luther; but the man who, knowing its antiquity, could listen unmoved to such a venerable relic of primitive worship, as well as primitive music, must be somewhat phlegmatic. The next period is the reformed music introduced by St Gregory, who has given his name to the Gregorian chant, and whose music became known afterwards as *Canto Fermo*, or Plain-Song. The conservative instincts of the Roman Catholic Church, coupled with the labours of many writers during the Middle Ages, would enable the long Gregorian period to be adequately represented; but Church music must have undergone a marvellous change by the 11th century, when to a single syllable of one of the words of a chant of that period no fewer than between sixty and seventy notes are accorded. It was the Gregorian music that first found its way into the English Church; the monasteries of the north were famous in the days of Bede for their music; the clergy travelled to Rome to learn to sing after the Roman manner; and a school for ecclesiastical music was established at Canterbury, from which trained singers went forth to instruct the provincial churches in the chants and hymnal melodies introduced by Pope Gregory.

The change from the gravity of the genuine Gregorian system to a flight of sixty or seventy notes for one syllable was a mere trifle compared with the discovery of counterpoint. As yet all singing had been in unison, and instrumental accompaniments were played in unison with the voice. With the invention of counterpoint music entered upon the possession of a new empire. Going back as far as the time of Hubald, a Flemish monk of the ninth century, of his contemporary, Odo, a Burgundian abbot, and of Guido, who lived a century later, we meet from their pens with almost the first crude attempts at harmony. Here are, in all likelihood, the earliest efforts that the human mind is known to have made in the way of concord, and probably not ten men in all England have ever heard them. Yet some of the compositions of these fathers of counterpoint were sung in the Roman Catholic Church for three hundred years. Odo's hymns and chants might have been heard in some Continental churches a century ago, and may, perhaps, be even yet occasionally sung on the Continent. From this point forward both melody as such, and harmony as such, have separate lines of extremely interesting history. In the latter, especially, we have revolution after revolution—the harmonic laws of one age being set aside by those of another, which in turn had to give way to a new theory of concord. We have melodic and harmonic passions, fashions, fads, and rages; but counterpoint was all the while widening its grasp and creating its code of rules, the completion of which was yet a long way off.

The post-Gregorian period may be described as the age of Simple Counterpoint, when all the sounds were of the same length, and each note stood in concord against another note of equal length all through the piece. With the invention of characters in the thirteenth or fourteenth century to express Time, Counterpoint passed into an infinitely higher sphere—the possibility of each part moving in harmonic sounds of various lengths. The same invention also, for the first time, imported energy and passion into music, and prepared the way for the final emancipation of musical instruments from the thralldom of the human voice. Contemporary with this period there are many pieces of secular melody and song which have come down to us. We have the music of songs—unfortunately not English—which dates as far back as 1190, the year when Richard Cœur de Lion set out for the Holy Land, of some perhaps older, and

of others nearly as old. The period of the Troubadours would yield no inconsiderable harvest; and skipping, perhaps, the early masses and motets, we might pass on to the inconceivably intricate secular music of the age of Elizabeth, to the masques, to the rise and development of the madrigal, to the passion for fantasias which in England followed the rage for madrigals, to the consequent birth of instrumental harmony, to the effects of Puritanism, to the revolution in instrumental music introduced by the Second Charles, to the early experiments in opera and oratorio, and so on to the full and final establishment of modern harmony. There are difficulties, we admit, in the way—such as the translation of the old music into the characters of the present day, the excessive intricacy of some typical pieces, and the want of skilled performers on the old instruments, some of which, moreover, have dropped out of use. The first could be readily overcome, the second could be surmounted, but the third would have to be more or less dispensed with. It is difficult to believe that such an experiment as we have shadowed forth would fail financially; but without it the music of a thousand years lies utterly buried and sealed up from the world.

FOREIGN BUDGET.

(From Correspondents.)

LEIPZIG.—A concert was given at the old Gewandhaus in honour of Franz Liszt's presence here, the programme being made up exclusively of his compositions. The artists were Mdlle John, of the Stadttheater, Mdlle Senkrath, and the pianists, Herren Siloti, Krause, and Dayas. The last named is a young American, who has studied partly in Berlin, under H. Ehrlich and X. Scharwenka, and partly under Liszt. He appeared on the above occasion for the first time in public, and gave every promise of assuming a leading position in his profession.

MUNICH.—The opera *Raimondin*, by Baron Carl von Perfall, Intendant-General of the Theatre Royal, is shortly to be revived at that establishment. It was first produced here in 1880, and performed, also, at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, two years ago. It has been altered and remodelled by the composer, who has condensed it into a prelude and three acts, as played in Berlin, instead of a prelude and four acts, its original form. The title, moreover, *Raimondin*, will be changed to *Melusine*, which would have been adopted from the first, save for the fact that two operas similarly entitled were announced at the same time, one being by Carl Grammann, and one by Theodor Hentschel.

A MONSTER CONCERT-TOUR.—Dimitri Glavianski d'Agrenoff, the director of a Russian National Choral Association of fifty members, ladies, gentlemen, and boys, is about to undertake, with the Association, an extended concert-tour, in the course of which he will travel through Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, England, and Scandinavia.

HAMBURG.—Herr Jean Bott, Hofcapellmeister, who has been residing here for a year, and has already attained a prominent position in this music-loving town, has been offered very advantageous engagements from some of the leading concert-institutions of the United States. He will probably accept these offers, but, after fulfilling the engagements, will return to the ancient Hanse-town.

DRESDEN.—Having been refused leave of absence, and being in consequence prevented from accepting a three months' American engagement, at 12,000 marks a month, Herr Emil Fischer, basso at the Theatre Royal, declined to sing in the Wagner performances, which were thus, for a time, at least, rendered impossible. A local paper espoused his cause, contending that the Intendant was not justified in subjecting Herr Fischer to such serious pecuniary loss. The Intendant published a sharp and stinging reply in the *Dresdener Journal*. He observed that the public must, as a matter of course, attach more importance to preserving the excellence of the performances as a whole than to a question of money affecting one particular artist. He concluded by stating that the matter would be energetically dealt with by an appeal to the law courts. Shortly after the publication of the Intendant's letter, which appears to have possessed decided curative powers, Herr Fischer, who, it would seem, had been ill, announced that he had recovered from his indisposition, and was able to resume the part of Wotan for which he had been cast: and so the matter ended.

SANGUINETTO.—This place, like so many others, can now boast of possessing a phenomenon of precocity. Among its inhabitants there is a certain Gaetano Zinetti, aged 11, who, according to the *Arena* of Verona, has given proofs of being a musical genius. He composes dance-music with the utmost facility, while people are chattering and playing the piano all about him. Nay, more; he has already completed the prologue of a four-act opera he is writing.

MDME ADELINA PATTI is about to undertake, under the direction of MM. Schurmann and Rovira, a grand European tour, which will commence on the 10th of November, and terminate on the 10th of February. The fair and popular artist will give thirty performances in Belgium, Holland, Austria, Roumania, and Turkey. The tour will terminate at Monte Carlo. Owing to the enormous expenses—25,000 francs at each performance—not more than two performances will be given in each town.

VENICE.—A stone tablet will, on the 4th of October, be uncovered in the hall of the Municipal Palace, to commemorate the centenary of the death in this city of the celebrated composer, Galuppi. On the tablet there will be a medallion with a portrait of the composer. The small town of Burano, also, where he was born, and which is only a few leagues distant, is making preparations for duly celebrating, on the 26th of October, the anniversary of his birth.

MILAN.—Nothing is as yet concluded with respect to the new opera for the coming season at the Teatro della Scala. The question, it is said, lies between two operas—*Nestor*, by Sig. Gallignani, and *La Regina di Babilonia*, by Sig. San Giuliano, who produced successfully in Naples an opera entitled *Regina e Favorita*. It is apparently Sig. San Giuliano who has the better chance, but for reasons which call from the *Trovatore* the following observations:—"We cannot, we will not, believe that the *maestro*, San Giuliano, pays the management of the Scala 20,000 liras to get his opera of *Semiramis* played. Such a thing would be an enormity!"

PARIS.—Mme Théo, the popular opéra-bouffe singer, had a narrow escape last week. While driving to rehearsal at the Nouveautés Theatre, the horse became restive, and suddenly ran away at full speed. Mme Théo, becoming alarmed, leaped from the carriage, and sustained severe injuries, cutting a vein in the left wrist, and injuring three fingers of her right hand. Medical attendance was speedily secured, but it is said that her injuries will confine her to her room for some time to come.

REVIEW.

The Twelve Months of the Year. By C. G. Röder. (William Witt, Argyle Street, Oxford Circus.) A pretty publication for the drawing-room, each of the months of the year being represented by a full-page vignette, in which dainty amorettes symbolize the characteristics of the progressing seasons, with suitable landscape backgrounds, each month being also typified by a short pianoforte bagatelle by Theodor Kirchner, appropriate in vein and sentiment to the poetical mood of the period, and within easy grasp of the amateur executant. The object of the publication, however, is a commercial one, inasmuch as it is intended to call attention to and to glorify—not without warrant—the great and well-known house of C. G. Röder, of whose vast establishment at Leipzig an account is given with much interesting detail, and the excellent and artistic worth of which in the more delicate and ornamental branches of musical typography this ornate brochure affords fascinating example. The Röder firm is represented at the Inventions Exhibition, and this charming little book is described as a "souvenir" of the fact.—H.

"THADY AND I."—Mme Marie Roze has presented Mr R. Harvey, of Dublin, with her portrait, and writes:—"Dear Professor Harvey—Your charming song, 'Thady and I,' has been wonderfully successful in London during last season when I sang it.—Always yours very sincerely—MARIE ROZE-MAPLESON."

AVENUE THEATRE.—For the re-opening of this theatre last Saturday evening, Mr Alexander Henderson revived M. Chassaigne's comic opera, *Falka*, originally produced at the Comedy in October, 1883. The work has recently enjoyed considerable favour in the provinces, where Miss Wadman, and latterly Miss Warwick, sustained the character of Falka. Miss Wadman has now returned to London to resume her original part of Edwige, while Falka once more falls to that accomplished artist, Miss Violet Cameron, who first played it in London. Otherwise the cast is new, and without unfair comparison it must be admitted it is not so strong as that of two years ago, which included such popular actors as Messrs Penley, Paulton, Kelleher, Hamilton, and Ashly. Miss Eva Sothorn is now the Princess, that excellent baritone Mr Coffin is the gipsy, and Mr S. Wilkinson the lay brother, Messrs Lytton Grey, Dallas, and Lonnen, Misses Vere and Grahame playing other parts. The composer was present on Saturday, and was called before the curtain. *Falka* is understood to be merely a stopgap, for Mr Henderson has already announced a new comic opera by M. Audran, probably to be entitled *Indiana*.—D. N.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

"DEAR SINGERS."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Looking over a recent number of the *Leipziger Signale*, I came across a German version of an article by Albert Wolff, of the *Paris Figaro*, on "Dear Singers." Thinking M. Albert Wolff's remarks might interest your readers, as well as, moreover, enlighten them with regard to the proud pre-eminence of the French capital as artistic hub of the universe, and being unable to procure the number of *The Figaro* containing the original article, I beg to forward you an English translation of the German version above mentioned. I remain, your obedient servant,
A CONSTANT READER.

The re-opening of the Paris theatres is on this occasion pleasantly embellished by a letter from the tenor Masini: a real masterpiece! This Italian demanded the trifle of ten thousand francs a night to sing at the Paris Grand Opera, that is, 200,000 francs for 20 performances. He stated, however, that, out of consideration for his friend Pandolfini, he was willing to content himself with three-fourths of his demand, and we may congratulate ourselves that he did not require, in addition to his honorarium, the commander's cross of the Legion of Honour.

If there were among us a manager stupid and simple enough to pay a tenor 500 louis d'or a night, the tenor would be perfectly right to accept it, but, to the honour of our theatres be it said, not one of them is as yet ruled by an idiot of this calibre. We shall, therefore, have to deny ourselves the pleasure of hearing Signor Masini, and this misfortune is of such little consequence that it would of itself be in no way worthy of mention, did it not clearly demonstrate what has caused the decline of the lyric stage, not only in France, but in all Europe. Our customs of the present day have conceded so privileged a position to the velvet-coated gentlemen who hurl a high C sharp over the footlights, that the question between the artist and the manager stands out in all its naked truth and without more ado as a question of money. One of the two must succumb.

Other times, other customs. So be it! But for the last twenty years we have allowed ourselves to be put upon to such an extent by the professional pride of certain "Stars" that our theatrical ventures are seriously menaced by their enhanced pretensions. Not all these gentlemen, however, have as yet been attacked with an idea of their grandeur which asks 500 louis-d'or a night. Thank goodness, we possess among the members of our theatres true artists, who serve the interests of the institutions at which they are engaged; for whom it is an honour to create a new part on a Paris stage; and to belong to an artistic whole to which Paris owes its fame. But, though there are still such true artists among us, they are vanishing more and more every year. The "Star" of the latest pattern troubles his head no more about the question of art than about a humming-top. The tenor has become a financial institution; he has a managing director, his Barnum, who conducts the stock-jobbing business and draws up the exchange-list. The high C sharp goes to him who bids most. It matters not to the "Star" before what public he sings. What does he care whether he is applauded on a stage rich in grand and famous reminiscences by the best society in Paris! If some obscure suburban theatre pays a higher honorarium—hurrah for that theatre! To be judged by the critics of Paris possesses for the "Star" no greater value than a puff of three columns in the *Journal de Montevideo*; the "Star" is a stranger to artistic conscience: to celebrate triumphs before a picked audience, to be applauded by all Paris, is nothing to him! A singer *di primo cartello* is a gentleman with whom we must cast up accounts; who cares no more about us than about the worthy public of Moulinet-Joli. For him our Paris Opera merits less consideration than

the Grand Theatre of San Francisco, because at the latter the prices of admission are higher, and the manager there can pay more than our manager here can. Were it possible another Mozart could be born, such an "artist" would not give a franc piece for the honour of singing a part created by such a genius. The most celebrated composer gains at the most 1000 francs as his per-centage for the night, while the "Star," who has merely the kindness to sing a part in the composer's work, demands ten times as much! To these 10,000 francs must be added another 10,000 for the first lady and 5,000 for the gentry of less account, so that, if matters go on thus, the manager will soon find his daily expenses mount up to 50,000 francs, and the public will have to go to the theatre in bathing costume, in swimming drawers, because to pay for a box or a stall they will have to sell their clothes. Hence the ruin of art, the disappearance of true artists, the break-down of the lyric stage, the bankruptcy of managers, and over the general misfortune the triumphant tenor worshipped by us as the successor of the Golden Calf.

In a word, it angers me that these tenors treat us as they do the public of San Francisco or Havannah. That a planter of sugar-canes, who is eaten up with ennui, and knows no diversion save to beat his niggers black and blue, should pay 100 francs for a stall, when a "Star" condescends to sing anywhere near his plantation, is something intelligible; a bottle of seltzer-water is worth 20 francs to the wanderer perishing with thirst in the desert; but that such conditions should be imposed on us, who, if we only make up our minds, can do without these persons, really passes the limits of what is allowable. We are not so poor in singers and in talent, and, Heaven be thanked, *Paris vaut toujours une messe*, as in the time of Henri IV. The approbation of Paris is still worth something, and we have not yet sunk so low that a mad "Star"—*une étoile en délire*—can impose the ridiculous conditions on us which he can on the people of Cuba. If these gentlemen enveloped in silk and velvet, who sing: "Bonheur suprême, amour extrême," should forget this fact, we would remind them of the respect they owe to Paris, and on the modesty of their own position. Confound it, we can after all demand that Parisian success, which first gives an artist his renown, should not be considered as worth absolutely nothing, and that "Stars" should bear this in mind, and not confound us with a subscriber to the opera at Bahia who can give them *only* money.

The pretensions of the ladies and gentlemen who call themselves vocal "Stars" have assumed such proportions that it is necessary to bring them back to a more moderate standard, if we would retain not alone our own Operahouses but those in any part of Europe. It is only by a burst-up of tenors that we can be preserved from the fall of the operatic stage and the ruin of lyric art generally. We must not trifle with these youths any longer; they have raised their prices so much, that, if we yield to them any farther, we shall not be able to hear an opera without ruining ourselves for many a month. For this reason alone I have from the first hour opposed the Italian performances at the Grand Opera. The sum of thirty francs for a stall at a performance of foreign "Stars" must inevitably lead to remonstrances from our native artists, who, thank Heaven, have not yet refused to sing to stalls at an average price of sixteen francs each. That a tenor should venture to ask us 10,000 francs a night to do us the honour of appearing for a couple of hours on a stage which a Nourrit, a Duprez, a Roger, and a Faure, a Falcon and a Stoltz, have graced, proves that the said tenor looks upon us as he does on the provincials of a Sous-Préfecture, who have never heard anything respectable, and willingly dive into their old worsted stocking to give themselves once in a way a treat.

The blame for this state of things rests far more with the public than with the "Stars." There is really no longer a Parisian public, proud of its art; partial to its artists; carried away by a work; and tender towards its lyric theatres, whence so many operas have gone forth into the world. The Paris public scarcely comprehends the exceptional position the great city gives it; it lacks the appreciation of its own value and the legitimate pride that people must always take it—the Paris public—into account. If the dear tenors reckon as nothing the honour of pleasing us in Paris, we will remind them that Paris alone bestows real celebrity. Mme Krauss held a good position in Vienna before she came to us, but her fame dates from Paris! Paris made the reputation of Patti, when she was twenty; it was from us that nightingale

winged her flight. The first performance of *Aida* in Paris was one of the greatest events in Verdi's career, and even a Richard Wagner, amid all the adoration paid him, felt towards the end of his life greatly pleased that his *Lohengrin* was appreciated and applauded at the Paris concerts, and I think his Widow, also, experiences some satisfaction at the approaching performance of that opera in Paris, the centre of art. Mme Cosima Wagner justly attaches great weight to the performances M. Carvalho is organising.

But the tenor gentlemen and other "Stars" seem to have entirely forgotten that there exists anywhere a Paris which pays reputation down for the pleasure a singer affords it. These worthies really look upon us rather too slightly; they demand from us prices as though we were Arkansas trappers, unimportant personages, who have no influence on an artist's fame, and who are made to pay accordingly.

Good, let us pay the tenor! Let us give him a 5, 10, 20, 100 thousand-franc note a night; let us pay 100 francs for a seat; let us regard the performances as a species of sport imposed on us by fashion. But, for Heaven's sake, let not these gentlemen demand, in addition to all this, appreciation from us! No six calls after each act, no wreaths, no flowers! When not a hand moves, the singer who sings for money only will perhaps understand his position and others take warning by him. At least, no one will be able to say that the Parisians are as simple as they seem to be considered in artistic circles.

MDME NILSSON.

During the dispersal of an immense crowd which had assembled on Wednesday night to hear Mme Christine Nilsson sing from the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, the pressure became so great that eighteen persons were crushed to death and twenty-nine were seriously injured.

COLONEL J. H. MAPLESON, with his son, Charles Mapleson, and wife (Mme Cavallazzi), returned to town last week from Aix-les-Bains.

SIGNOR AND MDME ARDITI returned to town from Aix-les-Bains last week, after a pleasant sojourn of a month in that agreeable watering-place.

MDME ALBANI, who is at present staying at Old Mar Lodge, by special invitation visited the Queen at Balmoral Castle on Monday last, and had the honour of singing before Her Majesty and the Royal Family in the afternoon.

MR CHARLES LYALL and his *cara sposa* have been touring in Scotland during the summer season, salmon fishing and sketching being the order of the day. They have returned with a stock of health and a portfolio full of "oddities."

MDME MINNIE HAUKE is fulfilling a star engagement at the National Bohemian Theatre, Prague. According to letters from Moscow, the popular and charming artist has been made a life-member of the Imperial Russian "Sauvetage" (Rescue Society) in the old Russian capital. Her diploma is signed by the Empress of Russia herself. Moreover, Mme Minnie Hauke, already, as most people are aware, Imperial Austrian and Royal Prussian Chamber-singer, has been further distinguished by being created a member of the Russian Order of St Anne.

THE Bromley (Kent) Choral Society (6th season) commences on Monday, Oct. 5, with the 137th Psalm (Goetz) and Bach's "God's own time is best." The effective members now number over 100. The Bromley Orchestral Society (3rd season) resumes on Saturday, Oct. 3; the works chosen for practice being the *Jupiter Symphony* (Mozart), *Prometheus Overture* (Beethoven), and *La Sirene Overture* (Auber). Mr F. Lewis Thomas will again act as conductor.

"ERMINIE," a new comic opera in two acts and three scenes, by Messrs Harry Paulton and Edward Jakobowski, is in rehearsal at the Comedy Theatre, to be produced at the end of October. Miss Florence St John will sustain the title rôle, and will be supported by Mesdames Kate Munroe, Melnotte, M. A. Victor, Kate Everleigh, Edith Vane, &c., and Messrs Harry Paulton, H. Bracy, F. Wyatt, F. Mervin, Percy Compton, &c. The dresses will be supplied by Alias, the scenery by Spong. M. van Biene is engaged as musical director. Mr Joseph Williams has acquired the publishing rights of the opera.

FRIEDRICH KIEL.

Another great artist has gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns. Friedrich Kiel, the greatest composer of sacred music now-a-days, and one of the most modest and amiable of men—is no more. The sad event was not unexpected. For a long time the Deceased had been ailing, and as far back as the commencement of the year the symptoms of his disease assumed so threatening a character that those nearly connected with him saw the form of the approaching angel of death becoming clearer and clearer, and were compelled sorrowfully to admit that there was no hope left for the Master here below.

On the 7th October he would have completed his sixty-fourth year, and consequently had not yet reached the extreme limit of man's earthly career; but what, according to the words of the Psalmist, life must be, if it has been a valuable one, it was to Friedrich Kiel, namely: labour and sorrow. He had already attained ripe manhood when his first great work, the first *Requiem*, Op. 20, was performed by Stern's Vocal Association, Berlin, and the name of Friedrich Kiel, though it had been one of the names highly respected in a circumscribed sphere, was now re-echoed through the musical world generally. This happened in 1862, and twelve years later Friedrich Kiel ascended to the pinnacle of that fame which an artist can win among his contemporaries, who, on the appearance of his oratorio of *Christus*, unanimously placed him at the head of the church-composers of the present day. It was a long time ere the laurel fell to the lot of the village school-master's son, born on the 7th October, 1821, at Puderbach, near Siegen on the Lahn; but he had earned it, had earned it by never-ceasing labour and indefatigable industry, and, though his modesty would fain have declined the wreath tendered him, he himself took care, on the other hand, that work after work should corroborate the verdict pronounced by the world of music. Every work, down to his latest great creation, the Christmas oratorio of *The Star of Bethlehem*, evidenced his mastery, in these times unique.

Since the year 1844, when he had outgrown S. W. Dehn's school, we counted him as our own in Berlin, and, as a teacher in Stern's Conservatory, as a Professor at the High School, and as an Academician, he was considered among us, as elsewhere, the foremost man in the sphere of pedagogy.—Now he, too, has passed away; on Sunday, the 13th inst., he went to his eternal rest, and a long line of his pupils, many of whom have already achieved distinction, stood at the Master's open grave sorrowing for his loss.

May the earth rest lightly on him—he will never be forgotten.
—*Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

THE SATURDAY CONCERTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—As the period is fast approaching when these entertainments are usually resumed, and as you published a month ago two very interesting communications, the one the half-yearly report of the directors, and the other a letter from Mr Willert Beale on "The Development of the art resources of the Crystal Palace," without eliciting any comments, I beg to be permitted to say a few words on these very interesting communications.

When I first became a regular attendant at the Saturday concerts, now nearly twenty years ago, the Victoria Station was the familiar rendezvous of the London lovers of orchestral music, who journeyed to the heights of Sydenham to enjoy their favourite recreation. This assembly was not confined to three or four Saturdays during the series, but it was a regular thing alike followed by the reviewers of the art and those who only went to listen. The lover and the critic both participated in the pleasure. Gradually the attendance became less and less until at the present period one or two carriages would suffice to carry the regular London visitors. To account for this falling off is to my mind a profitable enquiry. I should first of all premise that the character and excellence of these concerts has in no way diminished—indeed, all true lovers of the art must allow that the music is quite as comprehensive and quite as well rendered—and in some respects the *ensemble* is more perfect. Both conductor and orchestra exhibit the same enthusiasm, and the directors are still as anxious to give the public the opportunity of hearing every novelty the world of musical composers can produce, and most

artists commanding attention receive immediate recognition here. I have no opportunity of learning statistically what the falling off (if any) has been, but the directors themselves allow that from all sources in the half-year the amount for reserved seats is £1,797 less than the half-year before. I am simply trying to analyse the attendance from London, and endeavouring to discover some of the causes for this falling off.

We have undoubtedly a larger number of attractions in the metropolis on the Saturday afternoon than formerly, and this day, usually discarded, has now become the most profitable of the six. We can single out many musical entertainments of a high class on this day, but we cannot point to any regular orchestral concerts. The Crystal Palace stands alone for the excellence of its band and its performance of symphonies, and the only place where such music is heard, on this favourite afternoon, and I fear we shall have to look further for some excuse for this evident neglect, and that in my opinion is furnished by an examination of its railway arrangements. I am accustomed to ask the simple question "Why do you no longer attend the Palace concerts?" I invariably receive the same reply: "I cannot afford to give up so much time;" or in those cases where time is no object we hear, "It is quite a fatiguing journey regularly to make such a visit." But there is another class equally as fond of good music who say they cannot afford the expense, "By the time we have paid our railway, our admittance to the palace, and for our reserved seat, it costs more than any London concert."

At the period when the largest number of visitors regularly went from the metropolis, a railway season ticket was granted to all who had the Palace ticket for one guinea. This was eventually increased to two guineas, and then discontinued altogether. Whether something similar could not be arranged for the Saturdays only, is a matter I should think worth considering. Certainly the railway arrangements might be made more perfect, as they have a good deal to do with this falling off of visitors on a Saturday afternoon. It is true the railway authorities profess to run certain express trains on a Saturday to and from the Palace, but the distinction between an ordinary and an express train, the facetious declare, is that the one stops at the stations and the other between them. One thing we can freely state, that the time taken up by the journey is hardly lessened, and quite out of all proportion to the distance traversed. Yours truly,

PHOSPHOR.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

At the Royal Operahouse, Mlle Renard, from the National German Theatre, Prague, has created a favourable impression by her impersonation of the heroines in Georges Bizet's *Carmen* and Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*. The rehearsals of Herr Frappart's successful ballet, *Wiener Walzer*, which were carried on under the author's supervision, have been brought to a close, and Herr Frappart has returned to Vienna to resume his duties as ballet-master at the Imperial Operahouse, but the first performance of *Wiener Walzer* will not take place before the return of the Emperor Wilhelm from Karlsruhe.

The following works are to constitute the repertory of the Italian season at Kroll's: *Il Barbiere*, *Don Pasquale*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Norma*, *Martha*, *I Puritani*, *Semiramide*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Sonnambula*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and *Les Diamants de la Couronne*. The first tenor will be Sig. Frapolli; the bass-buffo, Sig. Bottero; and the conductor, Sig. Alessandro Pomé, who officiated during all Herr Strakosch's American tours.

The direction of Schwantzer's Conservatory has been undertaken by Herr Wilhelm Blanck, who studied under Professors Wüerst, Ehrlich, Kiel, and Klindworth.

The glass roof in the middle of the large hall of the Philharmonie is to be protected by wooden blinds, which have been proved by experiment to improve considerably the acoustic qualities of the hall. The orchestra, too, has been considerably raised and widened.

Anton Rubinstein intends giving here this winter, as well as in Vienna, Paris, and London, a series of concerts, in which the works of leading composers, from the English writers for the virginals to Liszt and the most modern Russian school, shall be duly represented. The concerts will commence here in the second half of October, and will last four weeks.

Herr K. H. Bitter, formerly a member of the Cabinet, died on the 13th inst. in his 73rd year. He studied music thoroughly, and published a series of biographical and critical writings. He devoted his attention especially to Johann Sebastian Bach. His biographical work in two volumes on this master appeared in Berlin in 1865, and a second edition, but in four volumes, was published in 1881. Herr Bitter published, also, in 1868, a book on Carl Philip Emanuel and Wilhelm Friedrich Bach and their Brothers. Between these works

he published monographies on Mozart's *Don Juan* and Gluck's *Iphegenie in Tauris*. His *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Oratoriums* appeared in 1872, and he published, likewise, an essay on Gervinus, Handel, and Shakspeare. His books, remarks the *Signale*, bear the impress of sincere and warm enthusiasm for art, and evidence his conscientiousness and industry as a compiler.

MUSIC IN COLOGNE.

September 24th.

The Cathedral and Jean Maria Farina's perfume are not the only things of which Cologne may boast, one of the most important theatres in Germany is here; and when memory recalls the fact of English talent in the form of *Esmeralda* and (last year only) *Nadeshda*, both claiming heritage of Albion blood, having received continental introduction in this house, interest in its *répertoire* and *repetitionists* is not altogether indifferent. For those persons who return from Munich by Cologne, last night's performance of *Lohengrin* was like the farewell, until next summer, of Wagner. The Swan's Knight, Herr Goetz, presented his listeners with a very original and, judging from the impressions at times produced, true reading of the part; for example, when relating his history, followed by Lohengrin's farewell, the ideas, quite unconventional from a declamatory view, which the artist subtly introduced, coupled with a powerful and agreeable voice, effected an almost unequalled version of the rarely successful Knight, who either fails vocally or dramatically to illustrate Wagner's ideal. Lohengrin was accompanied by an Elsa, sympathetic both from talented and personal respects, Fräulein Ottiker, singing most of the heroine's music with much command of its frequently severe trials and impressing her audience with the positive reading she had in view. Elsa's scene with Ortruda in the second act and the scene of the same act before the church being assimilated by the artist with a contrast, both in singing and action, which charmed the audience into recalling her after the act many times, together with Herr Goetz, Ortruda and Telramund were played by Fräulein Friede and Herr Georg Heine, whilst Herr Litter presented a satisfactory account of the King. The conductor, Capellmeister Kleffel, directed the work with the care and intelligence its difficulties call for.

DODINAS.

KASTNER'S "PYROPHONE" AT THE INVENTIONS.

It is to be regretted that for want of sufficient space at the International Inventions Exhibition the very curious instrument called the "Orchestral Fire Organ," or "Pyrophone," and the two electric Singing Candelabras, invented by the late Frédéric Kastner, are impossible to be heard, as these new inventions require plenty of room, so as to permit the use of gas and electricity. The space given them being only eight feet by eight, it is quite impossible for one to move round it. A larger space could not be obtained, the best places having been already taken.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(From "Berrows' Worcester Journal," Sept. 22nd, 1785.)

"Our musical meeting at Worcester this year has equalled all our former Festivals. Mara very justly stands high in our esteem, and received every respect and applause that could be given to her. Isaac gave us an excellent selection of Music, and introduced a sublime air between the acts of *The Messiah* for Mara. Miss Cantila, Mr Norris, and our young Bass Singer, Griffiths, acquitted themselves much to the satisfaction of the audience. Salomon led the band with judgment, and our old favourites, Crosdil and Fischer, stand unrivalled. The double Bassoon and double drums, in grand choruses, had a most wonderful and grand effect. We must not forget a Quartetto by the Masters Ashley, which gave universal satisfaction."

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.—With the laudable object of bringing the study of music within the reach of the middle classes, a new academy of music has been established in the City, disavowing any competition with existing schools, but seeking to supplement them by providing a first-class training for those who have hitherto been debarred from such studies. One feature of the scheme is likely to meet with universal favour. It is proposed to inaugurate a series of Concerts and miscellaneous Entertainments in the poorer districts of London, either free or at a very low rate of admission, the local clergy being freed from all liability in the matter of expense.



PROVINCIAL.

THE NOTTINGHAM PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—After paying all the expenses consequent upon giving the concert on Monday evening, September 14, there remains the very handsome sum of £68 to be distributed amongst the charities of the town. The committee have decided that the money shall be distributed as follows:—to the General Hospital, £26 10s.; to the Dispensary, £26 10s.; to the Children's Hospital, £5; to the Eye Hospital, £5; and to the Women's Hospital, £5.

EDINBURGH.—On Saturday evening, September 19, an audience numbering several thousand persons assembled in the Waverley Market at the weekly promenade concert to listen to the final performance of the Scots Greys' band, prior to their departure from Piershill. The programme opened with an appropriate march, entitled "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye," and selections from favourite operas and national music were thereafter discoursed by the band, who were heartily cheered at the close of the performance.

EAST RAYNHAM.—On Friday evening, Sept. 11, a most successful concert took place in Raynham Hall, through the kindness of the noble owner, the Marquis Townshend. The beautiful Marble Hall had been prepared as a concert-room for the occasion, and was filled with a large and fashionable audience, composed of the leading families in the immediate neighbourhood. The object of the concert was to raise funds towards defraying the expenses of a trained nurse for the benefit of the poor of the parishes of East, West, and South Raynham and Helhoughton. The programme included the names of several well-known amateurs, who received the frequent recognition of the audience for their various contributions. A violin solo was charmingly played by Miss Evelyn Overman, and received a persistent encore, as did also a violin duet by the Misses Overman. The vocal contributions were all nicely rendered, and elicited hearty and prolonged applause, many being loudly re-demanded. The comic element was ably sustained by Lieutenant C. V. F. Townshend (who has just returned from the Soudan campaign), and provoked great laughter.

BRIGHTON—THE THEATRE.—It would really seem as if *Olivette* is destined to have as extended an existence as *Les Cloches de Corneville*, a comic opera which continues to be held in exceptional favour by the public. When a thinly-peopled "house"—says *The Guardian*—can persist in exacting encores of selections it must know by heart, and accepting these as ample redeeming qualities for drawbacks in other respects, one may deduct that the piece is not likely soon to lapse. This was what took place on Monday. All the familiar numbers were redemanded, in many cases more than once. This was particularly the case as regarded Miss Esma Lee (*Olivette*) and Mr John Child (*Valentine*), two occupants of the lyric stage who have, by their ability, secured a high place in popular esteem. Miss Emily Soldene also figures in the cast, but it is rather by her past achievements than by her present ability that one is inclined to remember that artist. An excellently effervescent Duo des Iffs, capable subordinates, and an efficient chorus and band conducted by Mr A. T. Macinnes, constitute Mr Alexander Crookshank's Company a very acceptable one. Besides the evening representations a morning performance will be given to-day (Saturday).—Professor Andre's Alpine Choir, comprising some dozen or more voices, and of which a large number of the people of Brighton entertain pleasing recollections, are once more amongst us. They have taken the large room at the Town Hall for a week, for the giving of musical entertainments, the first of which took place on Monday evening, in the presence of a crowded audience. The proceeds of the series are to go to the funds of the Brighton United Temperance Association, an institution of old standing, which has its headquarters at the Victoria Hall, West Street. The evening's programme was as varied and pleasing as any general audience could desire, and the interest which every item excited, and the warm applause evoked, showed that those present were thoroughly delighted. The entertainment included several sacred and secular solos, choruses, and quartets, Tyrolean specialties, and instrumental pieces. The latter included performances upon the mandolin, guitar, zither, &c. Mr S. Iser presided.

BRADFORD (YORKSHIRE).—An invitation *matinée musicale* was given on Monday afternoon, September 21, by the successful candidates at the local examination for the Bradford centre of the Royal Academy of Music in the lecture-hall of the Technical College. There was a crowded audience. Mr Henry Mitchell presided. The Countess of Bective had kindly undertaken to distribute the certificates to the successful candidates. Mr Arthur O'Leary, R.A.M., the examiner, was also present, and, in the unavoidable absence of Sir George Macfarren, officiated as judge on behalf of Lady Bective, who had presented three volumes of music to be awarded to the most successful performers at this concert. It had been decided that the books should be given one to the senior and

one to the junior divisions for pianoforte playing, and a third for singing. Mr Frederick Fearnside, the local representative of the Academy, conducted the proceedings.—The Chairman, in a few opening remarks, alluded to the Countess of Bective's interest in Bradford and its musical life, and thanked her for her presence on this occasion.—A long programme of pianoforte solos and songs was then gone through by the successful candidates. At an interval towards the close of the performance, Mr Arthur O'Leary addressed a few words to those present. The manifestation of talent which had been made on this occasion, he said, justified in a remarkable degree the steps taken by the authorities of the Royal Academy five years ago, in instituting local examinations throughout the country. The first year twenty-nine candidates entered in the Bradford centre, of whom fifteen passed and two obtained honours. In the present year fifty-four candidates had been examined, and no fewer than thirty-four passed, while four were awarded the highest distinction. Although the candidates in these examinations were no longer to be counted by hundreds but by thousands, thus exemplifying public confidence in the impartiality and critical judgment with which they were conducted, there might now and again be cases in which candidates absented themselves under the impression that the pupils of one professor were placed on a less favourable footing than those of another. There was no foundation for such an idea. The examiners were not made acquainted with the names of the pupils until the local representative laid the list before him. The names of their professors or of the institutions in which they were taught were forwarded to the Academy on a separate sheet, and were first seen by the examiners when the printed lists appeared. Mr O'Leary made a few general remarks on the progress of music in this country, incidentally passing a high compliment on North country choirs, and concluding by addressing some words of encouragement to students of music.—At the termination of the programme a hearty vote of thanks, on the proposition of Mr Fearnside, was accorded to Lady Bective for her presentation of prizes, and for distributing the certificates to the successful candidates, and to Mr Henry Mitchell for presiding.

PAGANINI OUTDONE.

BY THE REV. EDWARD ABBOTT.

I reached the city of Cologne by steamer down the Rhine at six in the afternoon. This gave me an hour before dark in which to visit the great Cathedral, whose lofty spires had been before me since twenty miles away. Then I had an hour for dinner, which I ate with great zest at the *Hôtel du Dom*, nearly opposite the Cathedral. Two hours and a half were then left before I was to take the night express for Brussels. What should I do in that two hours and a half? The portier to whom I addressed this question said I had better go around to the *Café Chantant* for an hour. So I told him to lead the way. The *Café Chantant* I found to be a large room or small hall, whichever one might please to call it. At one end was a simple stage, like a concert platform. The floor was filled with small square tables, with two or three chairs at each table. The chairs were nearly all filled with people, men and women, of a very respectable aspect. The scene was strange, but orderly and proper; and the concert, which I stayed an hour to enjoy, was of a high musical order.

The piece on the programme which entertained me the most was a performance on the violin. It had just begun as I entered the room. The performer was a handsome young fellow, dressed in a grotesque suit of many colours. He was talking away to the audience as I came in in a very animated manner. It seemed, as nearly as I could understand him, that he had lost his violin bow, and, unless he could find some substitute for it, could not do his part in the concert. Did any of his audience happen to have a violin bow with them? No! Well, that was too bad! What should he do? Would anything else answer instead of the bow? Couldn't somebody lend him something, &c. Of course all this was made up. The object of the violinist was to get hold of some nondescript objects with which he could play on his violin instead of a bow, and so show his skill; and all his talk was simply to entertain his audience so much the more. Presently somebody handed him up a visiting card, a common, plain visiting card. The violinist took it, looked at it a moment inquiringly, tried its edge with his finger, and then applied the edge to the strings of his instrument. It answered the purpose very well, and he played quite a nice tune. At the end there was a burst of applause. Then he called for something else, to see, he said, if he could not do a little better.

An officer of the army, who was sitting near the stage, passed up his sword, and, with the sword for a bow, the clever young violinist, after a moment or two's experimenting, played another nice tune, over which there was more applause, louder than before. Then he

handed the sword back to the officer and asked for something else. A lady handed up an umbrella. An umbrella! How could any one play on the violin with an umbrella? But this man did. He opened the umbrella, and, finding a smooth place a few inches in length on the handle, went to work with it with ease, and succeeded surprisingly well. The applause when he had finished was heartier than ever, and what had been before a scene of mere amusement on the part of the audience, seemed to rise into something like admiration.

And now the violinist good naturedly offered to try once more. And what do you think was handed up to him this time? A shoe; an old shoe! Surely he would have to give up now! For a moment he looked as if he would. After examining the shoe with care for a moment, he found a place on the inner side, between the heel and the toe, where the projecting sole furnished a short, sharp edge. When he had found that, and felt it with his finger, he looked up with a pleased expression, as if to say, I guess that will do. And do it did; for with the shoe for a violin bow he went on and played a tripping tune that set everybody's feet agoing, and when he had finished filled the room with a deafening round of applause. With a low bow and pleasant smile, in a moment he was gone.—*The Musical Record*, Boston (U.S.)

THE MISERERE AT ST PETER'S.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

There is one grand and sublime ceremony, the *Miserere* at St Peter's. The music is exquisite, the effect surprising. Rome saw, in the sixteenth century, that Protestantism surpassed her in music, as she excelled Protestantism in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. To prevent this inferiority, she naturally sought a master of song, and found the sublime Palestrina, the Michael Angelo of the lyre. The Pope forbade the reproduction of his *Miserere*, in order that it should be heard only in that church whose gigantic arches were completely in harmony with its sublimity. One day a noble youth heard, entranced, the *Miserere*. This youth, who may be called the Raphael of music, learned it by heart, and divulged it to the world. He was Mozart. The German genius came to steal the secrets of the Latin genius in the eternal war between both races. No pen can describe the solemnity of the *Miserere*.

The night advances. The Basilica is in darkness. Her altars are uncovered. Through the open arches there penetrates the uncertain light of dawn, which seems to deepen the shadows. The last taper of the *tenebrario* is hidden behind the altar. The cathedral resembles an immense mausoleum, with the faint gleaming of funeral torches in the distance. The music of the *Miserere* is not instrumental. It is a sublime choir admirably combined. Now, it comes like the far-off roar of the tempest, as the vibration of the wind upon the ruins or among the cypresses of tombs; again, like a lamentation from the depths of the earth, or a moaning of Heaven's angels breaking into sobs and sorrowful weeping. The marble statues, gigantic and of dazzling whiteness, are not completely hidden by the darkness, but appear like the spirits of past ages coming out of the sepulchres and loosing the shroud to join the intonation of this canticle of despair. The whole church is agitated, and vibrates as if words of horror were arising from the stones. This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness; it is the voice of Rome supplicating Heaven from her load of ashes, as if under her sackcloth she writhed in her death-agony.

To weep thus, to lament as the prophets of old by the banks of the Euphrates, or among the scattered stones of the Temple, to sigh in this sublime cadence, becomes a city whose eternal sorrow has not marred her eternal beauty. Thus she is enslaved. David alone can be her poet. Her canticle is majestic and unequalled. Rome, Rome! thou art grand, thou art immortal even in thy desperation and thy abandonment! The human heart shall be thy eternal altar, although the faith which has been thy prestige should perish, as the conquests that made thy greatness have departed! None can rob thee of thy God-given immortality, which thy pontiffs have sustained, and which thy artists will for ever preserve.

A notice has been issued by the Intendant-General of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, that for the future ladies among the audience—those in private boxes excepted—will not be allowed to keep their bonnets on during the performance.

The negotiations for the appearance of Mme Adeline Patti at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, have come to nothing in consequence of the lady's agent wishing to augment the prices of admission five-fold, a step which the manager, M. Verdurt, would not sanction.

MR R. DOYLY CARTE INTERVIEWED.

(From "The Sunday Times.")

"You wish to know when I first became impressed with the notion that English comic opera ought to be a success? Well, long before I had a practical opportunity of testing the idea. Fifteen or sixteen years ago, when French opera-bouffe, in spite of stories that rarely translated well, and fun that was never English fun, was making its mark in London, I made an attempt to establish an English Comic Operahouse. Among the syndicate I got together for this purpose in 1870 were Sir (then Mr) Arthur Sullivan, Mr Frederic Clay, and Sergeant Ballantine. We agreed to subscribe a small capital and make a start at the Opera Comique; but while we were settling our plans the proprietor let his theatre to someone else, and the whole affair fell through. I renewed my endeavours at various times, but did not succeed until 1877, when I was lucky enough to get Mr W. S. Gilbert and Mr Arthur Sullivan to enter into a contract with me to write a two-act comic opera. The Comedy Opera Company (Limited) was then formed, and *The Sorcerer* produced at the Opera Comique Theatre on November 17, 1877. From that time the Gilbert and Sullivan opera has been an institution, and one of the most remarkable theatrical successes ever known."

"You had, I believe, the advantage of a musical education, as well as commercial experience before entering upon the management of opera. The combination must have proved extremely valuable!"

"It has. Without it I should not really have felt qualified for my work. And, mind, nothing is injuring the theatrical business more at the present time than persons going into it who have no knowledge of it, with the idea that it is 'fun.' They help to raise the prices of artists and everything else, and fritter away some portion of the fund which the English public, consciously or unconsciously, set aside to spend in amusements. What do I think, on the whole, of theatrical management as a business? That it is not a satisfactory one, as a rule, except for actor-managers who are the leading attractions of their own theatres. It is too risky. The profits, when there are any, do not compensate for the risks, the worry, and the hard work. My position, I admit, has been an exceptional one. Mr Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, with whom I had the good fortune to be associated at the outset of their mutual success, have written operas which for over seven years have been among the most attractive and enduring of modern entertainments. I do not think managers generally find their 'stars' so pleasant to deal with as I have found the author and composer with whom I have had continuous and agreeable relations during that period."

"Having made the round of the Savoy Theatre and offices I cannot refrain from congratulating you upon the perfection to which you have brought the arrangements of your establishment and the direction of enterprises connected with it."

"I only claim to have applied a business system to theatrical management, which has too often been conducted in a careless, 'happy-go-lucky' style. This system has been the necessary outgrowth of the numerous undertakings that I have had the direction of. The whole, I think, make up a theatrical business on a larger scale than was ever carried on before. Apart from the Savoy Theatre, I have five opera companies travelling in the United Kingdom, besides business with America and Australia. I now confine myself almost entirely to the operatic performances, and am obliged to decline all other undertakings. Occasionally I do take up prominent lecturers—in my time I have 'run' H. M. Stanley, Bret Harte, Archibald Forbes, Matthew Arnold, Whistler, and (in America) Oscar Wilde—but I shall have to leave this branch alone for the next six months at least."

"Many persons are unaware of the scale on which big theatrical enterprises like yours are conducted. Would you mind granting me some information on the subject?"

"Well, as to the amount in cash, I may tell you that during the last year about £157,000, gross receipts, have passed through my hands from the operas alone. The total sum since 1877 would come to about a million pounds sterling. In salaries of artists only—about three hundred and fifty are employed altogether—I pay away about £1,100 a week, without counting wages for employés of all sorts, and expenses for scenery, costumes, travelling, local theatres and orchestras, and the many other items that help to swell the current outlay."

"With regard to the administration of all this, I shall be happy to give you some particulars. As you have seen in looking round the offices at the Savoy, I make great use of the telephone. The private wire from my own office connects me with the central telephone at the general office, and thence not only to the Exchange, but by other private wires to Sir Arthur Sullivan at Victoria Street, and Mr Gilbert at Kensington. If they are at home I can speak to

them at a moment's notice, and this is a great convenience. The collection of speaking-tubes in my private office communicate to all parts of the house. For cabling to my representative in America I use a special code. I receive about 600 letters a week, and they are put away, I may tell you in Amberg's patent cases, which are alphabetically indexed and very convenient for reference; well, that these letters require some answering may be judged from the fact that the press-copy letter books for the last five years number, as you have seen, about seventy volumes.

"My system of registering applicants for engagements is, perhaps, of interest. Until comparatively of late I used to hear everyone sing myself—and, mind, every applicant is heard; no introduction whatever is necessary—but the numbers have so increased that now Mr François Cellier, the musical director of the theatre, hears them first. He notes the names, addresses, and various qualifications on printed forms, pink for ladies, grey for gentlemen. I make a selection of the best applicants, hear them myself, and confirm or sometimes slightly modify Mr Cellier's observations. The forms are then pasted in a large indexed book, and subsequently the names are transferred to other books as follows:—The better chorus candidates are put into the 'Chorus Reserved List,' classified under the four different voices, with their qualifications—quality of voice, knowledge of music, and appearance—abbreviated in three columns. For the Savoy Theatre a special list is kept. The names of artists applying to be engaged as principals are classed in another book, called the 'Cast list,' under the names of the various characters they are in my opinion qualified to play. Thus, in case anyone is wanted, there is only to turn up the list and make a selection. On an average, fifty or sixty voices may be tried in a week."

"In the extent to which you utilize printed forms you seem nearly as bad as a Government office?"

"We are, and that is the only way we get through our work without a staff of Government proportions. Even if a complaint is made by any member of the public or in the theatre, it is almost invariably dealt with in writing on a form expressly prepared. Another form contains the lists of the cast of the different country companies; these have to be filled up and sent to me on the first of every month by the stage or acting-manager of each troupe. Yet another and very valuable form is a printed list of all the engagements at various provincial towns. It is important to have this at hand when booking a fresh tour. Last week, as you see, I had companies at Liverpool, Sheffield, Southport, Dewsbury, Barnard Castle, Penrith, and Whitehaven, playing *Scorcerer*, *Patience*, *Pinafire*, *Iolanthe*, *Princess Ida*, and the children's company in the *Pirates of Penzance*. Going on with the forms, there are the nightly and weekly reports sent by the travelling acting managers; reports on the 'understudies,' of whom there are two sets in every provincial company, invariably belonging to the chorus; enquiry forms for information respecting provincial towns, and application forms for amateurs wishing to perform the operas or selections from them. This last form has the effect of saving me a good many four-page letters. The stage-manager of the Savoy has a diary in which he enters every night anything of consequence about the performance. The theatre tickets are printed for each seat for every night, and even the libraries have to use these tickets, the check-takers having no authority to pass any others. This arrangement prevents 'doubles'—two tickets being sold for the same seat—and consequently saves the public a great deal of trouble and annoyance. The plan of the seats on the back of each ticket is, I think, very useful. It was a suggestion of Sir Arthur Sullivan's."

"No account of my administrative work would be complete without reference to Miss Helen Lenoir, the young lady who has entire direction of the provincial and American business. Without her invaluable assistance I could not possibly have conducted the numerous enterprises I have had in hand. Miss Lenoir began some years ago by undertaking certain correspondence for me, but I soon discovered in her a remarkable business aptitude—an aptitude which, so far as my experience goes, is unprecedented in a woman. She has wonderful perception, energy, and administrative ability, and, to crown all, the power to govern others. Miss Lenoir is better known in New York than in London. For four winters, unaided, except by letters and cablegrams from me, she superintended all my undertakings in America. The achievement was nothing less than a sensation in that go-ahead country. Miss Lenoir has acquired a tolerable knowledge of law generally, and can draw up an 'ironclad' agreement as well as any solicitor. On international copyright and dramatic rights she is probably one of the best living authorities; her knowledge is derived from practical litigation as well as text-books. Before she came to me, Miss Lenoir had passed with honours examinations at the University of London that would have entitled her to the B.A. degree, had it then been given to women. Her industry and determination are such as are at times positively

appalling to weaker mortals. She will shortly be going to Australia for a holiday, and thence will probably proceed to New York to superintend the production of *The Mikado* next autumn.

"Whilst on the subject of personal indebtedness, I should like to acknowledge the great advantage I have derived, during six years' business relations, from the sound advice and experience of my friend Mr Michael Gunn, the proprietor of the Gaiety Theatre at Dublin. His joining me was the means of my starting on a good scale on my own account. It was he who rendered me inestimable service when I got into the harrassing turmoil of litigation some time ago; and it was he who, during my absence in America, carried out some most important negotiations that enabled me to build the Savoy Theatre."

"You may certainly claim to have erected a comfortable theatre and to have done something towards popularizing the electric light. Was not the Savoy the first theatre in the world to be lighted entirely by electricity?"

"I believe it was actually the first public building of any kind to enjoy that advantage. I had long been impressed with the belief that one of the chief objections to a theatre was the foul atmosphere produced by the burning of so much gas. My intention, when I first contemplated building a theatre was, if possible, to burn gas under the cover of glass, supplying the fresh and removing the hot air by means of pipes from the outside. Subsequently I saw the white arc lights outside the Grand Opera in Paris, and I determined that electric light was the proper agency for lighting a theatre. I thought of experimenting with the arc lights, showing them through coloured mediums in order to modify the steely blue glare. Later on came up the incandescent lamp, which of course was the solution of the problem."

"The Criterion has since taken up electric lighting, and it is completely carried out there. At the Prince's the only electric lights are, I believe, in the auditorium, and they can have no possible influence upon the purity of the air. I have 200 odd lamps in my auditorium, and a thousand or more on the stage. The important parts of a theatre to light by electricity are the stage, the dressing-rooms, &c. It is on the stage that all the heat and foul air are generated. When the curtain of a theatre lighted only in front by electric light is drawn up, a blast of hot and foul air rushes into the auditorium, and it becomes, as a matter of fact, quite as hot and unpleasant as an entirely gas-lighted theatre. I should be sorry to say anything that might annoy my friend, Mr Edgar Bruce, and I sincerely hope I am not doing so when I say that, if he announces his theatre as 'lighted by electricity,' he ought not to light his stage by gas. The 'gridiron,' or woodwork over the stage—when the stage is lighted by gas—gets very hot in the evening, the temperature ranging from 100 to 150 degrees. The 'gridiron' over a stage lighted by electricity is the coolest part of the house. When Captain Shaw made his report on the Savoy Theatre the highest temperature on the 'gridiron' for a fortnight averaged 68 degrees."

"With your multifarious duties how do you contrive to find time for constant personal supervision?"

"Well, in my opinion, a manager should go very little in the 'front' of his theatre or behind the scenes. What he should do is to pop round at odd times, when least expected, and see whether things are going properly. I make a practice of visiting my travelling companies in this way; that is, I go down to see them without previous notice, so that I know exactly how they are doing their business when I am not there. There is, I think, among the subordinates of management, generally too much lounging at bars and gossiping behind the scenes and in green-rooms. The work of management is much harder than many people suppose. I was for years regularly in my office by 10 or 11 in the morning, and worked until 11 or half-past at night, with only intervals for lunch and dinner. But now I try to get as much as possible done by 7 in the evening, at about which time I go to dine and do as little as I can after that. Anyhow, with the exception of a week's sculling on the Thames last summer I have not had a proper holiday for more than two years. But I mean to get one before long." PAUL PRY.

Mdlle Renard, of the German National Theatre, Prague, successfully commenced a short engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, by appearing as Carmen in G. Bizet's opera of the same name.

The late Frederick Kastner (by Mdme Neuve Georges Kastner, née Boursault, Baden-Baden, Germany) exhibits at the International Inventions Exhibition, in Class 168, Group 32, No. 3,546, a "Pyrophone," with three octaves (the first orchestral fire organ), the "Electric Singing Candelabra," and a panel with the photographs of the "Singing Chandelier" (lustre), and other "specialities" of luminous-sonorous-electric-apparatus.

WAIFS.

Mdme Heilbronn is drinking the waters at Kreuznach.

Sig. F. P. Tosti leaves London again next month for Italy.

Mdme Emilie Ambre is singing at the Théâtre du Cercle, Aix-les-Bains.

Emil Götze intends giving numerous concerts of his own this winter.

Adolphe Adam's *Giralda* has been revived at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

Two chorus-singers of the Ferrari company died of yellow fever in Rio Janeiro.

The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen's Dramatic Company start shortly on a tour in Italy.

Fornarina, a new operetta by Paolo Maggi, is accepted at the Teatro Alfieri, Turin.

The Carola-Theater, Leipsic, opened for the season with Mil-
lück's *Feldprediger*.

The Teatro Comunale, Bologna, is announced to open on the 3rd October with *La Regina di Saba*.

According to report, the tenor, Tamagno, is engaged for a few nights at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

A Memorial Tablet has been affixed to the house at Lommatsch where Robert Volkmann was born.

M. Boudouresque will probably shortly leave the Paris Grand Opera and retire altogether from the stage.

The tenor, Alma, lately in Olmütz, is engaged for a year on trial at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Miss Van Zandt will, it is said, receive £200 for each appearance during her winter engagement in Moscow.

Owing to ill-health, M. Cabalet has been compelled to throw up his engagement at the Paris Opéra-Comique.

The Musical Director, Herr Hlawatsch, has been created a Knight of the Spanish Order of Isabella the Catholic.

The Order of the Prussian Crown, 4th class, has been conferred on Herr Fromme, Musical Director, Flensburg.

Mdme Cosima Wagner is said to intend publishing a volume of her late husband's *Utterances on Music and Musicians*.

A new operetta, *Un Nuovo Aristodemo*, music by Sig. Luchesi, a military bandmaster, is in preparation at Leghorn.

Mdme Minnie Hauk is engaged for America, but, before leaving Europe, will sing at Prague, Florence, and Venice.

In consequence of ill-health, Robert Franz has definitely resigned the post of a University Musical Director at Halle.

Ambrose Thomas was still enjoying himself a short time since at his place in Brittany, but was soon to return to Paris.

Tamberlik recently sang in the first act of *Il Trovatore* for a benefit in Trouville, where he has been stopping lately.

The first operatic novelty of the season at the Stadttheater, Dantzic, is to be Anton Rubinstein's *Kinder der Haide*.

Señorita Lola de Bernis, professor of the harp at the Royal Conservatory of Music, Madrid, is now on a visit in America.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda*, with Signora Marini-Masi as the heroine, will be given in November at the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan.

Teresina Tua has signed with Henry Klein an engagement to visit America, and will receive £10,000 for the season of 1886-87.

The artists who belonged to Antonio Ferrari's operatic company in South America are expected back in Milan on the 1st October.

After her concerts in Berlin, Teresina Tua, the girl violinist, will play at a grand festival given by the Society of Music, Antwerp.

It is stated that Mdme Krauss is engaged as a "star" for a short series of performances during the coming Italian operatic season in Nice.

The tenor, Sylvia, formerly of the Paris Grand Opera, is engaged for the German season at the Metropolitan Operahouse, New York.

Mdme Liebhart has returned from her visit to Hartwell Park, Northamptonshire, where she has been "resting" the last few weeks.

Oscar Niemann, son of Albert Niemann, and pupil of Lamperti's, Milan, has come out successfully as a baritone at the Stadttheater, Zurich.

The Liederkrantz Society, Albany, U. S., lost all their music and instruments a short time since by a fire at Eintracht Hall in the above city.

Herr Walther, the new tenor at the Ducal Theatre, Wiesbaden, commenced his engagement by appearing successfully as Florestan in Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

Besides the *Chorgesang*, two other new musical periodicals, the *Deutsche Liederhalle* and the *Musikalische Rundschau*, have been started in Germany.

According to the *Paris Figaro*, the Mapleson opera company, New York, will perform this winter *Manon Lescaut*, with Mdme Minnie Hauk as the heroine.

The new work by MM. Coppée and Widor at the Paris Opéra-Comique, is to be called *Maitre Ambros* and not *Les Patriotes*, as erroneously announced.

Mdme Amalie Joachim, in conjunction with Mdme Laura Rappoldi-Kahrer, pianist to the Court of Saxony, starts shortly on another long concert-tour.

"Emma" seems to be a favourite name with trans-Atlantic sopranos, witness Emma Albani, Emma Nevada, Emma Thursby, Emma Zuch, and Emma Abbott.

Mdme Sembrich will probably sing once this winter at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, Berlin, and afterwards give a concert on her own account in that capital.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda*, with Signorina Borghi-Mamò as representative of the principal female personage, was very favourably received at the Teatro Don Pedro, Rio Janeiro.

Herr Radecke, on whom devolves the task of getting up Wagner's *Siegfried* at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, went to Munich to see the work performed at the Theatre Royal there.

Léo Delibes has extended his tour in Eastern Europe to Lemberg, where he is collecting motives of national melodies for a new opera he is writing, and which deals with Slavonian history.

Herr Gritzinger has received permission to sing during the present season any new part at the National Theatre, Gratz, before singing it at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, where he is engaged.

"Aren't you ashamed of being such a great baby and crying before every one, because you happen to have a little bit of a pain in your teeth?" enquired her Aunt.—"Ah! it's all very fine of you to talk, Aunt," replied the juvenile sufferer; "You can take all your teeth out whenever you choose."

MDME EDITH WYNNE has been visiting Flintshire, her native county. When passing through Cilcen she stopped to see the little parish church, with its remarkable roof. The villagers soon flocked into the church, and were delighted when Mdme Edith Wynne consented to sing to them, accompanying herself on the organ. She rendered the lovely strains of "The Lost Chord," and closed with the Doxology. The visit of "Eos Cymru" will be long and pleasantly remembered.

RECONCILIATION.

I strove to check my gathering tears,	The speech, long planned, was all forgot,
And utter fitting words of pride—	My tears instead poured down like rain;
To turn me coldly from his side,	Ah! fool! ah heart, and treacherous brain
Discarding idle hopes and fears.	In need extreme to serve me not!
But tenderness o'erpowered my will,	And love forgave repeated wrong,
And memory flooded all my heart;	Deceit, indifference, and scorn,
It could not be that we must part	And look'd back fondly to its morn,
And I, at least, so faithful still.	When mutual trust and hope were strong.

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C. HOOPER.

A RELIC OF OLD RICHMOND.—A building of some little historical interest has lately passed away. The old theatre at the corner of Richmond Green, the boards of which were so often trodden by Edmund Kean, Mrs Jordan, Mrs Siddons, and Charles Mathews the elder, and where George III. and Queen Charlotte so often occupied the Royal box while they were living in their favourite palace at Kew, has been levelled with the ground, a large portion of its old materials being used to widen the roadway, which was dangerously narrow at that spot. The theatre, as we learn from "Greater London," was built in 1766, under the superintendence of Garrick, for his relative, James Dance, the "Falstaff" of his day. In this theatre Charles Mathews made his *début*, and it was in a room adjoining the theatre that Edmund Kean breathed his last. The building was closed some years ago, and for a long time before its demolition it was the picture of desolation, its windows being broken and its old porch blocked and boarded up. A part of the site is to be utilized for building purposes. The removal of the theatre has brought to light a still more ancient relic—namely, a part of the outer wall of the old palace of Sheen, with an octagonal tower, of early Tudor date, corresponding in size and appearance with another octagonal tower at the opposite or southern end of the palace, which was removed within the memory of some of the older inhabitants of Richmond.—*Times*.



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